MUSICIANS IN SUMMER EASE.

CONCERT PLAYERS HAVE A COL-ONY AT BLUE HILL.

Others in the Woods and the Mountains -Few Opera Singers Remain-Even Americans Flee to Europe When the Seaon Is Over-Composers' Summer Work.

Not all the music makers return to Europe when the season of melody is at an end. Some of them have their homes in this country and are willing to risk the loss of artistic prestige that may result from remaining here during the summer months This number does not include, of course, the opera singers, and it is natural that those who come from Europe should want to return there, even if their spring and in the way of natural attraction. autumn engagements did require them to be in the European cities.

coming an American citizen, has bought nome near Paterson, in New Jersey, and expects to make that her permanent abode. She has brought over all the little Heinks that have not gone out into the world to make their way and has settled down to life as an American subject. Mme. Nordica has a cottage at Ardsley, where she has spent several months of every summer since she acquired the house.

Mrs. Sidney Homer has always had a

house at Onteora, but after the San Frandisaster and her long sickness decided that she wanted a change and took a cottage far out on Cape Cod, where the family, which includes three little Homers, are living. Mrs. Homer, who is, of course Mme. Homer on the operatic programmes has found a home on the seashore surrounded by a forest of pines, which she says is the best that this country can offer

Signor Campaneri, who has had cotts ges at Spring Lake in the Adirondacks and on Even the Americans are likely to get | the shores of Great South Bay, never deserts



BLUE HILL, MAINE, WHERE THE MUSICIANS GATHER

abroad as soon as possible. Mme. Eames always gets away, because she knows that here when the grand opera crowd starts will find it attractive enough to stay here Christine Nilsson spent some of her sumhere in concert, but she was the last.

The majority of the music makers left in this country in the summer are those who have made this country their adopted home or are native. Mme. Schumann-Heink, who has taken the first steps toward be-

An Interesting Trip About

New York Harbor.

P. M. for a sail around Staten Island.

of the forts in less than half an hour.

The Narrows is always beautiful, espe-

cially when viewed from the level of a tiny

boat. On either side are the high green

mounds of the forts, which now look quite

peaceable with their disappearing guns

out of sight. Away in the foreground is

of buildings. In the distance is the outline

of the Atlantic Highlands, while behind are

the lower bay the various views were im-

pressive on account of nature's efforts to

relieve the heat and humidity. A thunder-

intensified the general mist and blackness.

would stand out in front of the black back-

ground like a brick chimney on a mansard

roof. The course of the dory was in the

The Staten Island shore is a panorama

of changing scenes. First there are the

was a fisherman. The fishermen were on

the shore, on the piers and out in boats.

viewed from a distance their fleets appeared

They took their pastime very seriously,

When off the Great Kills, which was

reached at 4 o'clock, several new water

sights came into view, one of which was a

series of oyster bed stakes laid out like

avenues and streets, though unnamed.

Another phase of marine life was the schools

of bony fish which were so thick in spots

that a boat could sail right into them be-

fore they would make any attempt to get

out of the way. The fish were engrossed

in swimming in circles which were readily

distinguishable, rough as the water was

On shore there were fewer sights. The

cottages and tents and even the fishermen

were less frequent and the increasing black-

ness and mist made it more difficult to see

the cottagers, tenters and fishermen.

to be floating islands.

in weakfish hand over fist.

of their serious thoughts.

dory came within hailing distance.

lane of sunshine between the two storms.

the last vestiges of the mighty city.

this country for Europe, as he finds that he can rest better here even than in his native land. Mme. Blauvelt is on her farm in Maryland this summer after having passed most of her time here at her camp in the Adirondacks.

The camp of Victor Herbert shown in the picture is in the Adirondacks, and on the piazza Mr. Herbert has composed his most popular operettas during recent years. There he wrote the music to "Babes in Toyland" and "It Happened in Nordland," and the music for "Mile. Modiste" was also evolved there. He composed there, during his spring vacation, which began early in May, the score of "The Red Mill." Herbert, like most of the popular conductors, finds it hard to get a vacation in midsummer. With his band he must give concerts in Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities until it is time for him to put his operas into re-

COTTAGE OF FRANZ KNEISEL hearsal. So he enjoys this Adirondack camp most in the early summer months and in the intervals between engagements. Walter Damrosch passes his summer in the same way, and usually takes his vacation

in the early autumn, which is the one saasor in which he is not likely to be busy. Frank Damrosch passes his summers in his

country home at Seal Harbor. That part of Maine is very popular with

cannot get near the homes. Kneisel occasionally makes an exception to this rule and takes a few pupils with him.

An early summer settler of Blue Hill was Junius W. Hill, who was professor of music at Wellesley College. He went there twentyfive years ago. The musicians have been following him there ever since. They have become such an important part of Blue Hill that the natives look to them to supply the funds for public improvements. Every year the talent on hand forgets that it is on a vacation and gives a concert, which last summer handed in \$600 for the improvement of the road between the village and Parker Point. The musicians are going to do the same thing this year and expect to realize just as much.

Anton Saidl used to pass his summers, or as much of them as he was able to have to himself, in a cottage in the Catskills, and many persons have thought that his later career might have been more successful if he had followed the fashion of the foreigners and gone to Europe every summer instead of remaining here. Emil Paur and Wilhelm Gericke made it a point to return to Europe and thus to keep themselves in the atmosphere of the foreign singers, which is still so important here.

musicians, and boasts a colony at Blue Hill that dates back from the days in which Wulf Fries went there first many years ago. A view of Blue Hill is shown in the landscape. The two little points running out beyond the foot of Parker Point, which is in the middle of the picture, are ledges from the country place of Franz Kneisel of the Kneisel Quartet. Hidden in the woods just beyond is

Skaronyahti Lodge, the summer home of Thoms s Tapper's house is one-of the most attractive in the summer colony here. Franz Kneisel built his bungalow about six years ago. He has fifty acres, but cultivates only the ground immediately about his home. He has beautiful flower gardens, which are his especial hobby. Mr. Kneisel's house is typical of the rest of those in the musical colony in that it is surrounded with very large grounds so that the outside world

it would injure her prestige to stay over Europeward. Mme. Nordica has always gone to Europe for the same reason, although she stays here longer nowadays and makes but a brief trip abroad. Perhaps after a while the foreign born singers for the summer and learn some of the beauties of this country, as their engagements elsewhere are in reality but a small part of their work. Here they make their money. mers here during the days she was singing

what there was. The stately classic buildings A DORY AROUND of Richmond Beach, Charles M. Schwab's STATEN ISLAND. playground for children, stood out conspicuously from the shore line and were in pleasing contrast to the usual unsightly Two Men in a Little Boat Make

structures of the pleasure beaches. By this time the thunderstorm in the southwest had drawn uncomfortably near and the wind had increased to a white cap southeaster. It was evident that there was no sunshine path in the course of this thunderstorm had partly cleared storm and the dory must take it, come what the air of an intolerably hot day the Crescent might.

dory New Moon poked her head out of the The dory did take it, for where is there club basin at Bay Ridge and started at 1:45 a sailboat that will ride the waves as easily s a dory? The ballasted pleasure boat, There is never a sail on salt water without whether cat, sloop or schooner, plunges the problem of wind and tide, and the first into the heavy seas and at every plunge nut to crack for the dory's crew was, would sends up a shower of brine and spray which the ebb tide carry the boat out through the drenches every one aboard; but the dory Narrows and down the Staten Island shore in her lightness goes over the top of the before she met the flood? The wind was very water, may be said fairly to dance over light from the southeast and the tide was the waves, and her crew can keep tolernearly out; but there is a mighty sweep ably dry even if sitting on the gunwales. of water at the Narrows and there was What water she does take comes in over enough power left in the ebb to send the New the legrail and that need not be taken if Moon out of New York's gateway and abreast she has a watchful skipper.

As for fast sailing combined with seaworthiness, few craft can match the dory. She should be fast, for her wetted surface is infinitesimal compared with her sail power. She rests entirely on top of the water, the centreboard being relied upon to give sufficient depth to hold on.

Coney Island with its curious collection Her rig of a trysail and tiny jib is enough to drive her at a lively gait, and yet is so shaped that the air will spill out of her when she is heeled down to the lee rails. She At the time the New Moon drifted into is as sensitive to a puff of wind as a muslin curtain and steers as quickly and easily as a bicycle. She is in short a fascinating

sailer.

A test of dory seaworthiness was now to be tried by the New Moon, for onward came that thunder squall and onward rushed that dancing dory. Out of the mist in the distance loomed up the Great Beds lighthouse, off the southern end of Staten Island, indicating the location of the turning point. storm was approaching from the northwest and another threatening cloud hung over the southwest, while between the two storms was a streak of sunshine which Vessels off in the Horseshoe looked like phantom ships and a white steamboat

ing point. e problem then was, would the boat

beaches with their motley groups of buildings and people. After the beaches come Every hundred feet or two it seemed as if the summer resident had built a cottage or put up a tent, but about every ten feet there

The problem then was, would the boat sail through the coming squall and would she get by Ward's Point, the southern end, without making a tack, for the wind was veering to the west? Not once since the start had the boom crossed the boat, and now must she beat into the storm to weather the last point of land?

The heavens were flashing, crashing and banging and the water was dashing, splashing and foaming. With a single turn around the cleats, the mate and skipper held the sheets, ready to ease off as the blasts swished down from the clouds.

It was a wild sail. With the shore but twenty feet away the dory shot by the point into the quiet waters of the Arthur Kill and old Thor thundered a final bang as if in approval. It had taken three and a quarter hours to reach Ward's Point, a distance from Bay Ridge of sixteen miles. The wind had been light for two-thirds of the way, but the thunder squall and the ebb and flood tides, each favorable on account of the course, had helped matters along.

Again there was a rent in the clouds and So thick were they in some places that too, although many of them were hauling

"Hi there, crazy Moon, keep away from along.

Again there was a rent in the clouds and a path of sunshine ahead. The towns of Perth Amboy and Tottenville were passed and by 6 o'clock Seawaren on the Jersey shore was reached, where dory and orew visited the yacht club and then rested for the night. that line!" was their usual greeting as the It mattered not whether or not there was any danger to the line. A passing boat gave them an opportunity to work off some

or the night.

In the Kills as in the Bay a fair tide is In the Kills as in the Bay a fair tide is almost indispensable to get anywhere in a sailboat, and an early start was necessary on the second day to catch the flood tide up. There was a very gentle breeze from the southwest, so gentle that it might be called a calm, but the zephyr was fair, which enabled the boat to glide up the Kills, with an occasional dip of the oars to liven her page.

Shooter's Island had to be reached in a Shooter's Island had to be reached in a few hours or the tide would be head, which, with a light wind, meant real work at the cars, and in the hottest part of the trip. The hope lay in the wind.

The character of the shore along the kills is highly industrial. On the Jersey side there is an intermittent stretch of factories of a kind not desired within the city limits. On the island shore industrial plants are not so pleutiful as yet, and co-

casionally a Colonial mansion half hidden in the foliage and apparently abandoned appears as a reminder of the past.

The small boat life was in contrast to the craft of the lower bay. Instead of the serious minded fishermen there was a string of power boats tooting down the kills, all bent on a Sunday outing.

Each boat contained a party of from five to twenty men and women and all were in a jovial, happy go lucky mood. When they made out the name of the New Moon, they began to crack jokes on the name, the general sentiment of which was

eneral sentiment of which wa

Moon, they began to crack jokes on the name, the general sentiment of which was "Hello, Full Moon. Are you ever sober?"

The crew of the Moon was very soberly realizing that the ebb tide had begun to flow and that Shooter Island, where the tides of Newark Bay divide, was several miles away. Fortunately Boreas smiled and sent a stern wind.

With the sails set wing and wing the boat pushed by Elizabethport and by noon was abreast of Shooter Island, catching the ebb tide into the Kill van Kull.

The wind had changed to the southeast and blew with considerable force, but only cocasionally would the boat feel it, for the hills and buildings out off the supply. In the meantime the tide was surging the boat from side to side, but in the right general direction toward the upper bay.

With the widening of the Kill van Kull as it nears the bay the wind caught the dory and again she was skipping over the waves of the upper bay with her head pointed to the Bay Ridge shore and racing away from a thunderstorm in her rear. So far in sailing north or south it had not been necessary to make a single tack, but with the southeast wind the nearest the boat could point was Sixtieth street, while her destination was Eighty-sixth.

However, if a mariner has the tide with

destination was Eighty-sixth.

However, if a mariner has the tide with him in the upper bay he can generally make the wind take him where he will and all the wind take him where he will and all that was necessary to avoid a tack was to pinch the dory and let the tide sweep her to port. If the tide and wind would push her fast enough she would get in before the threatened drenohing. The looming clouds were near enough to begin to drop water when the New Moon ran into the Crescent Club basin, and the thunderstorm passed on one side without breaking and left sunshine behind.

It had taken fifteen minutes less than twenty-four hours to sail around Staten

twenty-four hours to sail around Staten Island, while the actual sailing time was ten hours to make the thirty-five miles of bay and kills. It is one of the many interesting sails that are found in the neighboring waters of New York.

A SCHOOLGIRL PITCHER. Pennsylvania Girl Who Plays Ball With the Best of the Boys.

Allentown, Pa., correspondence Washington Post Miss Carrie Moyer, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Victor Moyer of Macungie, is a livng refutation of the charge that when a woman throws a ball or a missile the one point of safety for any human being is directly in line with what she aims at.
From her earliest childhood Miss Moyer, who

is now winning fame twirling the spheroid across the home plate, had a deep love for baseball. When other girls were jumping the rope and trundling the hoop Miss Moyer was playing baseball and handball with the boys tain of the diamond contested flercely for the honor of having her on his team, for even at that tender age she could "lipe them out" at a rate that made every youthful batter sore in the shoulderblades fanning the empty and inconsistent atmosphere, and it is confidently predicted that if she keeps on pitching ball she will yet make Rube Waddell sit up and

While Miss Moyer has been fond of all kinds of athletic sports "since childhood's busy hour," it was not until she was a student at the Kutztown Normal School, a few years ago, that her great ability as a pitcher came into

nine and helped win many a victory. While she prefers pitching, as being most scientific and affording a greater opportunity for display of skill, she is able to fill worthily any position on the diamond.

Her style of pitching is a puzzling proposi-

struck out five men. Apparently, she pitches a slow ball, but it is so very elusive that not one in three is able to find it when it reaches

ALPINE CLIMBERS

EXPEDITIONS IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

Mile, d'Angeville's Ascent of Mount Blanc -Hard Climb Made by the Misses Pidgeon-First Woman to Ascend the Melje-Accidents Easily to Be Avoided. If woman has a cool head, sound health

and a good temper she may safely tie herself on to a rope with a couple of first rate guides, or conduct her family in the tonneau of her motor while she sits at the wheel.

If she has none of these qualities she had better remain at home in her own drawing room and discourse on the attractions of "womanly women." There is, however, one peculiarly womanly

quality which is of priceless value the Alpine climber, says Mrs. Aubrey Le Bond in the London Daily Mail, and that blind, unreasoning enthusiasm. What this alone can do has been proved on many occasions, and strikingly in the case of Mlle. d'Angeville, the second woman to ascend Mont Blanc. It was nearly a century ago, and the one ambition of this somewhat elderly lady had for years been to reach the snowy dome of the giant of the Alps. At last the moment came when she could set out, and accompanied by a vast assemblage of guides and porters she commenced what must have seemed a herculean task.

All went well until she reached the Grand Plateau, a stretch of snow covered glacier some hours below the summit. Here for the first time her strength gave out. She was nearly suffocated from the rarity of the air. Her eyelids drooped in overpowering sleep. The guides thought she could go no further, and in truth her bodily forces were practically exhausted; but her will power remained, and making a supreme effort she exclaimed, "Promise me that if I die on the way you will carry me up to the top," and the guides, astounded by her determination, could only reply, "Oui, mademoiselle."

The plucky lady arrived, however, in due course, and once there all fatigue vanished as if by magic. A quadrille was danced, and then the heroine was lifted on the shoulder of the tallest of her followers, so that she might ascend "higher than Mont Blanc." Thus was accom plished the first noteworthy Alpine climb

Very different were the expeditions at a later date of the two Misses Pidgeon. They climbed from their youth up and became so expert that either could, at a pinch, act as asubstitute for a guide who failed to do his business properly. On one cocasion they had started to cross the Lys Joch, an easy though lofty glacier pass near Zermatt. Missing their way in a fog, they struck the wrong passage, and commenced by mistake the descent of the Sesia Joch, one of the hardest climbs in the Alps, but once previously crossed, when the wall was mounted. its descent being considered impossible.

One good guide and a clumsy porter formed the escort, and as the guide had to go first to choose the way, it fell to the porter's lot to bring up the rear. But he proved worse than useless; so one of the ladies roped herself in his place, and undertook the responsible post of "last man down." So admirably did she fulfil her duties that after many hours of hazardous climbing on the sheer face of a precipice the little band at last came safely to the bottom and learned the same night, to their utter amazement, that they had made the passage of the dreaded Sesia Joch.

Within our own times one of the most distinguished lady climbers inas been Miss

Kate Richardson, to whom be longs the credit of being the first lady to ascend the Meije. The Meije is a peak 13,000 feet high in the Dauphine Alps, and for years it defied all attempts to gain its summit. So difficult was the climb that none of the early successful parties managed to get off its formidable cliffs before nightfall, and one still notices scattered along the route almost from top to bottom low walls and ledges cleared of stones, the sleeping quarters of various shivering climbers who failed to descend by daylight and dared not move afterward. women who

It is not only English have become successful mountaineers. Holland it was who sent Frau Imminck to the Dolomites, and this intrepid woman, not content with tackling the most difficult peaks in Europe in summer, has also been in more than one in winter. From the States we have Mrs. Bullock Workman, whose explorations in the Himalayas are too well known to need further mention, and of whom we are soon to hear

France is particularly well represented. From the time of Mile. d'Angeville till the present day French women have excelled on the Alps. Mme. Vail at first took up the pastime in order to accompany her husband, already an enthusiastic climber. and she has now a large number of the hardest climbs in Europe to her credit. Mme. Paillon, at the age of 61, ascended Mont Blane in a snow storm, and at 75 went up the Galibier and returned to Grenoble by the arduous Brêche du Perrier. In the same year she crosse the Belledonne. walking for nineteen hours in the snow with the thermometer snowing many degrees of frost. No wonder, therefore, that her children

are keen climbers, her daughter, Mile. Mary Paillon, having not only accom-plished a large number of extremely diffi-cult ascents, but being now the recognized authority in France on everything con-nected with the history of feminine Al-pinism. Mile. Paillon has studied the question also from the point of view of health, and her writings on the subject who has a remarkable record in the New Zealand Alps and Dauphine is Miss Constance A. Barnicoat, and I believe the Caucasus will before long furnish her with many ascents made for the first time by woman.
If I do not conclude with a word or two

of good advice to sister climbers my con-science as a mountaineer of twenty-five years experience will prick me horribly, science as a mountaineer of twenty-five years experience will prick me horribly, and that I will not have, so let me say that it would be a splendid thing if the record of women's climbs could be kept even more free in the future than in the past from the reproach of accidents. Quite free in the past it is not, but with a very little more care it might have been. To the true lover of the mountains accidents are a reproach, and are nearly always due to absence of the respect a noble peak should inspire.

Let women take only the best very guides and learn from them how risk can be avoided and when the sacrifice of turning back in the face of unfavorable conditions must be made. Let them not overtax their strength or take too little care for food and clothing. If climbing cannot be well done let it not be done at all, and do not let it be by your fault that an Alpine valley is cast into sudden gloom.

Learn well the lessons of the everlasting hills and you will have learned that which you will never forget.

you will never forget.

Wild Deer in Hongkong Harbor. From the Hongkong Telegraph.

Yesterday afternoon an overseer employed in the Kowloon Wharf and Godown Company, while out in a launch, saw a deer swimming in the harbor, between Stonecutter' captured and an examination showed that

SUNBURN IS SUMMER'S BOON.

EVEN WITH CITY FOLKS THERE IS COMPETITION IN TAN.

The Tendericin Bookmaker's Sunday Outing-Burning Centests at Coney Island -New Kinds of Deception Developed Women-Peckaboe Compileations.

Sunburn is the outward and visible sign f summer success. It makes no difference now long one stays at the seashere or in the mountains if there is no tan to show or it. It is almost as unimportant what mprovement there may be in strength or health so long as there is no sunburn to show for it. To most persons under 40 t is the sunburn that really counts.

Take the Sunday outing of the Tenderloin. The bookmaker may go down with his friend or friends to Coney Island. He will arrive there at I and lie about the beach in a bathing suit until 4.

You may see him stretched flat on his back with his eyes tightly shut and his face turned toward the sun. Naturally his features glow with the ruddy look of health that night when he comes back to town. The next day he is crimson with what might be the healthy rush of pure blood to the cheeks of a giant.

"Say, Manny, dandy color you got," job-serves a friend standing in front of the Saranac. "You're looking great "

Of course Manny's color bears no relation to health. There are puffs still under the yellow eyeballs and crows' feet across the By the next day the burn will fade away

from the skin, leaving there again the true ashiness of the kidney pallor. Once more he will be a physical type of that region in which it is said that every man tooks as if he had paresis at one end, gout at the other and Bright's disease in the widdle.

at the other and Bright's disease in the middle.

Throughout the week Manny will look like the rest. The next Sunday he will seek out the seashore again and revel for another twenty-four hours afterward in that delusive appearance of health.

Nothing about the summer s days of open air and freedom seems to appeal to many people as strongly as the tan. There is always rivalry among the men at a summer resort as to which has burned the blackest in the shortest time.

The rivalry exists even in places so remote in atmosphere from an ordinary summer resort as Manhattan Beach. On a sunny day there are long lines of recumbent figures lying in the sand facing the sky and blinking in spite of their fast closed eyes. They are taking on color. The fortunate men who can slip down in the mornings have an enormous advantage over their rivals who are able to tan only in the diminished splendors of the afternoon sun.

Personal acquaintance is not at all neces-

in the diminished spiendors of the alternoon sun.

Personal acquaintance is not at all necessary for a very bitter rivalry to exist.

Men who have never spoken a word to each other pass with glances of the keenest interest. They want to see if there has been any advantage on either side since they last met.

any advantage on either side since they last met.

With a swift look of comparison of pelt the two pass. One may smile serenely to himself as he is aware of his superiority. The paler, dropping his eyes quickly with a sense of defeat, moves into the inclosure, but not toward the water.

He crosses directly in front of the grand stand and far off in one of the corners of the amphitheatre, with nothing to intercept one ray of the August sun, he lies at full length on the beach. He stretches his arms straight out along his body that they may also get the full benefit of the sun's glare.

There he lies until the heat is so great that he needs a few minutes in the water. He does not begrudge this time spent of the beach and out of the direct rays of the sun, for salt water is a valuable aid to sunburn.

burn.
One year at Manhattan Beach the honors
One year at Manhattan Beach the honors One year at Manhattan Beach the honors went altogether to a thin shrimp of a man in a red bathing suit, who was tanned to a hue almost as dark as the lifesaver who spent all his time on the beach for money. There was bitter envy of this fortunate person among those who went down to the sea only during the summer months in periods of vacation and could not be expected to spend all their time in the water. This chap, who had only his wishes to consult, was in the habit of spending his

winters in Florida and southern California, and there never was a time in which he was not adding to the tan that had burned like patent leather into his skin. That fact became common knowledge and delighted

became common knowledge and delighted the other competitors.

Women must struggle now between the need of a little of the summer glow and the nuisance of having to get the thing off in the winter time. It is hard to get rid of and it ruins a girl's looks in evening dress, as any one of them will tell you.

Besides, the enthusiasm over the athletic girl is a little bit tempered nowadays. The girl of the chiffons is coming into her own again. Sunburn for her in winter would be out of the question.

Woman is resourceful, however, and she has managed to meet this situation. The

has managed to meet this situation. The

has managed to meet this situation. The solution was not difficult. A little rouge did it. There must be a faint blush of genuine burn beneath it. This little bit is not dangerous, will never brown into an enduring tan and can be got rid of over

enduring tan and can be got rid of over night.

The formula requires that a little rouge—not carmine, but the brick dusty old fashioned kind that comes in a round box on a convex china plate—should be lightly applied over the sunburn. About the edges of the burned area pink powder should be somewhat more thickly laid on. The spot may in this way be made any size that suits. Look at half the girls on the summer plazzas this year and see that look of ar-tificiality that is so strangely combined with what is unmistalably the result of contact

of sun and air with a young woman's cheek. It's the addition of the sunburn that will rub off to that which may be got rid of almost as easily because there is so little of

It's the addition of the sunburn that will rub off to that which may be got rid of almost as easily because there is so little of it there.

Mother sits complacently on the piazza with her back toward the ocean embroidering the last pink ample blossom in a centrepiece. She left Rosy upstairs with her hands in the pasteboard paint box and she observes with dismay that after a month's use Rosy is developing the myopia which does not come usually until women have painted for years.

Taking it up so suddenly has affected Rosy's eyesight prematurely and she has gone at this job like a house painter. In vain the mother tries to fiag her daughter and shunt her before she joins the party of mothers. It is not possible, and she bears down on them looking like a wax figure in a hair dresser's window so far as her coloring is concerned.

"That's right, dearie, pull down your veil," the mother says to the astonished girl, who, catching sight of her mother's perturbed face, sees that something is wrong and instinctively clutches at the thick white veil with which she always protects herself from any but the requisite amount of sunshine. "Pull down your veil, dearie. It's so strange how the sun affects my Rosy's skin this year. It burns her only a little in the middle of each cheek, but makes her skin pink all around it!"

Not all of the mothers even interchanged the glances they might have, for they knew that some of their own children had been affected in the same strange way for the first time this season. And they sympathized for they knew how much every girl wanted to look as if she were a little bit sunburned and how hard it was to do it and then get rid of that look in the winter.

The peekaboo walst has added a complication to that same problem. See how little it is worn on sailing parties and how shy women are of wearing the openwork shirt waist even in the sun.

"If you could have seen me the other day after that sailing party!" one of the piazza group said to another. "Why, I couldn't but only the proper said to a

red things like stained glass windows where the lace was put in.

"It used to be bad enough to be sunburned and not be able to wear low neck. This is just like being tattooed. Never go out, mind, in the sun in an openwork waist unless you wear a jackst."

Then the sun may burn other things than the skin. The prematurely gray, as every woman under 70 does now—did not resort to the dye until she struck the seashere. It is undeniable that gray hair looks grayer there than anywhere else, possibly for the same reason that makes all hair ugly there except the tight, ourly kind that fills all women who do not possess it with envy.

This woman's hair went the way of the rest of the gray looks. She went to town to see about it and when she came back there was a bottle in her pocket.

Her fellow boarders saw with astonishment that ever since that visit to town her gray looks got browner and browner and there was never a word from her again about the effects of the sun on her hair. She was provokingly silent on that point.

It was not to be expected, however, that she would be left to enjoy such a happy at a company and the part of affairs by the little knot of friends with whom she gathered daily on the beach or on the pianner.

"Do tell us, Mrs. Smith," one of the women asked who was new to the party and knew she could make herself popular by putting the question every other woman wanted to; "do tell us, Mrs. Smith," one of the fact that you wear no hat and go around in the sun? What have you done to it? I for one would love to hear, because my head looks like a crow's nest at the seashore."

There was an awful flash of silence for a minute. Even the click of the knitting needles ceased. Nobody had mentioned Mrs. Smith's hair since the day she went to town and brought back the bottle. That transaction had only been suspected, as nobody had seen her with it.

"My hair?" she answered, not looking up. "Why, it's sunburned. It looked grayer than ever the first few days I came down here. Now it's got tanned like everything e

KEEPING SUMMER BOARDERS. one Who Has Had 'Em" Relates Experlences and Gives Advice.

Our first summer boarders, writes in the Independent "One Who Has Had Them." were two young women, one an artist and the other a professional photographer. They were good ones to begin on. I learned about boarders from them.

They were both photograph crazy. They hindered the men and teams to pose for them, and would come rushing into the kitchen in the middle of the morning to get me out to play the rôle of "the farmer

in her vegetable garden," or "the larmer in her vegetable garden," or "the lady managing her bees."

It became quite a frequent occurrence to come upon familiar scenes of the home farm in magazines and even in advertisements, for they photographed me on cooking day for a popular baking powder com-

ments, for they photographed me on cooking day for a popular baking powder company.

They astonished the natives by walking all over the country hatless, all but shoeless, insisting that nothing but sandals made a ten or twelve mile walk feasible and totally unheeding the temper of the weather.

When they came to go home the hat of one of these enthusiasts could not be found, but was firally discovered on the high beam in the barn, where it had been left early in the season. They spent hours photographing studies of wild flowers growing, and had many adventures with strange cows and farmers irate at having their grass land "tromped."

As to financial trouble with guests, in only one case was there difficulty; the professional "board bounders" no doubt think that operating on farms is quite beneath their notice. A gentleman engaged rooms for himself, his invalid wife and nurse for one month.

They were very pleasant people, but at the end of the time specified the lady was too ill to be moved, and they had to stay for two weeks longer. This extra time the gentleman objected to paying for, saying that he had not wanted to stay and that doing so had been a great inconvenience.

He had not even the possible excuse of his wife's having contracted illness at the farm, for she was a chronic sufferer. He may have thought his arguments sufficiently logical to serve in doing business.

'may have thought his arguments sufficiently logical to serve in doing business with a woman, but a few words from a lawyer showed him his fallacy.

In contrast to this case might be mentioned that of one lady who was much alarmed for fear she should not pay all shought and wanted an extra charge mids on her bill for matches, as she "thought she had used more than her share." People belonging to the latter class will receive more favors than those who tempt one to exact the uttermost farthing.

exact the uttermost farthing.

Advice is a despised article. No one wants it since the days of Job. But the best advice for a woman with a pleasant farm, a sense of humor and a need to supple-ment her income is, Try taking some sum-

mer boarders.
Some money can be made at it unless so low a price is charged that a good table cannot be maintained. Charge a living price, and then "Feed 'em up," as the old woman did her prize pigs.

GARDEN POINTERS FOR AUGUST. Lots of Things That Ought to Be Looked After This Month. The following bits of advice, intended

for August consumption, are offered to plant growers by Country Life in America: Pinch back chrysanthemums. House plants taken up this month and put in pots will make fine plants and flower well

during the winter. Start taking cuttings for stock pot plants that are potbound. Keep all runners from violets that are to be in houses or cold frames.

Also plant pansies and daisies, forget-me-

note and allene for cold frames for early Repot rubber plants, dracæna, palms and all plants for houses.

Keep carnations cut back to make fine

Repot calla lilies. These pointers may be supplemented with some more August injunctions, this time from the Garden Magazine.

Sow New Zealand spinach once a week during August. It is the hot weather substitute for common spinach. Did you ever have any vegetables in March from your garden? Try corn salad and Weish onion. Sow the seeds in August and cover the

orn salad in winter with litter. Some of the most precious flowers of the holiday season are the ones that have to be started in August. You must order you Bermuda lilles and freesias in August if you want their chaste, fragrant blossoms in time for the family reunion on Christmas Day.

Do you know why you see so few white lilles in the gardens of this country? It is because the best one has to be planted in

August. Unlike other lilies, it has to make

a leaf growth this fall. Few know it. Most who do forget it. The beginner can save a year on strawberries by buying potted strawberry pants in August. They may cost ten cents each, but they are worth it, for if you set out ordinary strawberry plants this fall, they will not fruit

until 1908, while potted plants will give you berries next spring.

Most beginners are afraid to plant celeff. They think it is too special or too some thing. Now is your chance to repair this mistake. Buy celery plants. They have been

twice transplanted and prepared for ship ment by express at this dramatic mot Do you realize that August is the time raise perennials from seed? Now is appointed time to sow all those precious old shioned flowers that are full of and home associations,

to sow them is in a cold frame because can keep heavy rains from washing the little seeds and seedlings. Think foxgloves, larkspurs, Canterbury bells and